Walking through the lonely forest track,

I hear the twigs snapping,

As deer race through the greenery,

I watch the birds tweeting,

As they call to others,

I see the rocks,

That are highlighted by green moss,

I hear the rhythm,

Of the water splashing against the furry bank,

I listen to the sounds of the New Zealand bush,

The day is over now,

I can’t wait to come back.

By Georgina Cottier☺